

karma by reddieforlove

Series: [Mileven Drabbles/Oneshots \[3\]](#)

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Summary:

Mike didn't fully understand the meaning of instant karma until a small hand came out of nowhere and whacked him in the face with enough force to blind him for several moments.

karma

Author's Note:

This is just a short, fluffy thing. I hope that it's good.

I am taking prompts for Mileven, either here in the comments or on my tumblr - reddieforlove. You can send them anytime and as many as you want.

Mike didn't fully understand the meaning of instant karma until a small hand came out of nowhere and whacked him in the face with enough force to blind him for several moments. Was it his fault for laughing at the guy who fell on the ice-covered university parking lot not once, not twice, but three times a few minutes ago? Probably. Did that mean that he agreed with the universe's decision to make a pretty girl with curly hair and a particularly physical way of telling stories smack him across the face? No, he did not.

"Shit! I am so sorry!"

Before he knew it, his face was cradled in the girl's hands. As he blinked away the dark spots, her face swam into view. Her dark eyes were wide and apologetic and her pink lips were parted slightly.

"Are you okay?" she asked, brushing her thumb over his cheek where she unintentionally backhanded him.

"Yeah," Mike said, wincing when she prodded an increasingly sore spot.

She bit down on her lip, looking on the verge of tears.

"Hey, it's okay," he assured her.

She nodded, turning away with her hand covering her mouth. Mike looked up at the girl's friend to see her doubled over with laughter. She wouldn't be any help. So he reached out tentatively and touched the brunette's shoulder. She was shaking because of what he assumed was her tears. When she turned back towards him, her eyes were sparkling with amusement and he heard the stifled giggle that was

covered by her hand.

“Are you laughing?” he said, his eyebrows shooting up.

The girl pulled her hand away, revealing her wide smile.

“I’m sorry,” she said between peals of laughter. “I’m just... the look on your face was... I’ll stop any second now.”

Mike pressed his lips together, nodding as he waited for her laughter to cease. It took at least a minute before she managed to catch her breath and wipe away the tears that had formed.

“I’m sorry,” she said, turning towards him.

“Yeah, you said that,” Mike nodded, crossing his arms over his chest.

She inhaled deeply before letting out another snorting laugh. He could feel the scowl forming on his face.

“I’m done! I promise I’m done,” she assured him, reaching out to brush her hand over his shoulder.

Mike simply stared at her.

“That was probably the funniest thing I’ve seen this week,” her friend wheezed, clearing trying to get control over herself.

“Shut up, Max,” the girl said with a stern look before turning back to him. “How can I make it up to you?”

Mike didn’t answer right away, considering her question.

“How about drinks? I know a really great bar on the other side of town,” she offered.

“I don’t know,” he said carefully, looking her up and down. “I don’t usually go out with people I don’t know.”

She didn’t even blink, pulling a pen out of her backpack before seizing his hand and pulling it close to her.

“I’m Jane Hopper but everyone calls me Eleven. I’m a pre-med major.

I work in the university clinic every other night and I love dogs,” she said, scrawling something out on his palm.

Mike looked at her with surprise, wondering briefly about the odd nickname before glancing down at his hand to see her number there.

“I’ll consider it,” he said with a smirk, looking back up at her. “But might be a while before I can be around you without flinching. You’ve got one hell of a backhand.”

She flushed, grinning up at him.

“Ellie,” her friend, Max, said behind her.

“Oh yeah. We’ve got to get to class,” Eleven said, glancing back at Max before looking at Mike. “I didn’t get your name though.”

“Mike,” he answered as she stepped away, hoisting her backpack up onto her shoulder.

Her smile grew even brighter, if that was possible.

“I’m kinda glad I hit you, Mike,” Eleven said with a sparkle in her eye before turning to hurry away with her friend.

As he watched her go, Mike had to admit that he was kind of glad that she hit him too.

Author's Note:

I would love to hear what you think!